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Chicago Office, 4.600 Vincennes Ave

Remember Date, February 15, 1902, at Nickell's Home

JOHN KINNEY, EDITOR

BY JOHN HOWARD TODD.

It was an odd name for a newspaper—the Sangamon Boy—but its career was so full of oddities that nobody minded that. The easy going country folk of the Lower Corners said it was a good paper. Anyhow, like the good boy, it died young. Its editor—there was a man who never was duplicated in or out of the newspaper business.

"That fellow was a queer one," said old Eph Edwards, "but he was smart—'n' chain lightning. Did ye ever read about Ichabod Crane? I've forgot who it's by, but this Josh Kinney was a good deal like Ichabod."

"Read? That man had read more books than we had in the school library, and when it come to debating—well, the whole literary society of Lower Corners couldn't down him, and lord knows they tried hard enough. The judges just waited to see which side Josh was on, and then decided that way before the argu' commenced. And then long arms o' his could tote more corn stalks to the shock in a day than any two men in Rochester township."

Josh Kinney was a farm hand by day and an editor by night. Somebody said his nerves were made of iron. He rested his brain by buying his body, and rested his body by buying his brain. The eyes that were set far back under shaggy brows never lost their keenness in the shadows of his protruding brow. They were the unfailing signal lights that flashed the message of a vigilant, alert, observing mind. Kinney was patient, else he never would have learned the printer's art at odd moments. He was plodding and persistent, else he never would have toiled far into the night to bring out the weekly issues of the Sangamon Boy.

His office was even odder than the man. To see it one could almost guess what manner of man was presiding genius. It is standing to-day—a plain square cabin on the very crown of a desolate hill five miles removed from any town. He lived it and sheltering it from the spine of the winter wind and the afternoon sun is a grove of great towering oak trees, lifting their branches high over the head of a tangled mass of forest shrubbery. Its one door is nailed shut, and strong boards cover the two squares on either side where windows once let in a timid light by day and sent out a ghostly glimmer of oil lamps by night.

For ten years not a foot has been set inside the door. The little old hand press was removed long ago, and the worn type—one might find a rusty stick nestling here and there in the cracks of the board floor, and he might see a bit of yellow paper tucked near the door bearing the words in Josh's

own handwriting:

LOAFERS ARE INVITED TO THE BLACKSMITH SHOP DOWN THE ROAD. THIS IS A PRINTERY.

Coming from anybody else this hint might have invited trouble, but respect for Josh Kinney's iron muscles and his teeming brain brought it only silent obedience.

Lower Corners, which, by the way, is not a village but a farming community, made sport of Josh when he first came and started his newspaper. That was before they knew anything about the big brain that dominated his angular body. He managed to get something into every issue that set his neighbors thinking and made them respect him for his learning. Sometimes it was an editorial, sometimes a plea for new methods of agriculture, sometimes even a bit of verse. Yes, there was poetry in Josh Kinney, and it was just like him—homely, sincere, rugged. He could have written a romantic tale, but he didn't. He just bided his time and acted it in real life.

In Lower Corners to-day there are men of families who were boys ten years ago—big, lusty, mischievous boys who loved a fish fry in the summer and a bob-sled ride when the snow was knee-deep on the Rochester road. Of course they remember the night when a dozen of them, playing the gallant to as many country girls with ruddy cheeks, rode past Kinney's little office and bombarded the door with snowballs.

Kinney never forgot it, because the crash of those snowballs sent a shock to his heart that changed the current of his life. All night long he had heard nothing but the monotonous beating of the little press which his foot kept in motion. How prosaic it was against the rollicking jingle of the sleigh bells, how harsh against the musical laughter of the girls in the sled! And what a strange thrill went through him as he heard one of these cry out: "Please don't throw any more, boys, you oughtn't to disturb Mr. Kinney when he's busy. Please don't."

"And is there really somebody who cares enough about me to think of that?" he asked himself. "Am I doing right to shut myself up here when I might be out with those boys and

girls? I wonder whose voice that was? It sounded like—but what reason have I think that?"

Maybe he didn't have any reason to think it, but a vague, tender hope rose above reason. "Mary"—what a pretty name it was, he thought, "Mary Manning—Kinney." So timid was this big, strong man that he actually blushed at his own audacity when he coupled her name with his. "Mary Manning Kinney"—it kept ringing in his spiritual ear like the melody of a favorite song. When the last issue of the Sangamon Boy was run off and Josh Kinney crept into bed a host of sentimental fancies kept him awake until far into the morning, and then wove themselves into the fabric of his dreams.

Mary Manning was the only daughter of the richest farmer in Lower Corners, and the one girl in the community who had tossed aside the blue bonnet of the district school and become a seminary girl abroad. She saw in Kinney something more than a clod, something higher than the creator of a weekly rural paper. She respected him for his wide fund of information, for his rugged sincerity, for his physical and mental power. She—but she herself could not have told by what process she came to hold a tender regard for this modest giant among pygmies. Possibly it was because he was at once so gentle and so strong.

Lower Corners was suspicious enough about most things, but it did not stop to give the subject a second thought when Josh Kinney took Mary Manning home after choir practice. He was just the bass singer and she the organist, and of course he would not let her go unprotected. Lower Corners thought he was accommodating, that was all, and so he reckoned with himself as the Friday nights came and went, but the volley of snowballs clung to his memory when the wild flowers bloomed in the wood, and so did Mary Manning's earnest protest.

Would she protest also when he should tell her of his longing, of his love? You, gentle reader, know she would not, and Josh made bold enough one night, when the moonlight was glowing on the hills, to find out for himself. It was not for others to know what he said.

"Not necessarily for publication, but just as an evidence of good faith," said Josh long after, when twitted about it.

There came another night when the moon was not shining. The little office was as dark as the great world outside and as quiet. It was Thursday night, and the hand press was still. That seemed strange to passers-by on the road. They were used to hearing the stray clack of the press on that night long after 12. If they had observed closely they might possibly have seen that the door was standing wide open, and that over it was a square white patch of something.

The next day—ah, what a Friday that was for Lower Corners! It has been written in great big letters into the history of the neighborhood. By some freak of fortune or misfortune John Manning was the first man to ride down the road past Kinney's office. The sun was just lifting its red disk over the cornfields to the east. He was whistling his favorite tune—the one he had learned in the old days when he wooed and won Nancy Corwin. He spied the bit of paper over Kinney's open doorway. He passed through the latticed gate and up the hill to the cabin. There he adjusted his spectacles and read these words: "To Subscribers: Walk in and get your paper; the editor is busy elsewhere."

Manning, consumed with curiosity and never bashful about getting what was coming to him, went in and picked up a paper from a huge pile stacked on the office table. He glanced over the first page and then turned to Kinney's editorials—he always liked to read them even though he was not always convinced by them. There was something there this time that blanched his face and made him totter to a chair for support.

His first impulse was to tear his paper into fragments and burn the rest, but instead he folded it up, thrust it into his pocket and hurried from the office.

"Drat his hide," he mumbled to himself, "he might at least have asked me. How'd he know what I might have said?"

In two hours every man, woman and child in Lower Corners who could read had devoured these double-headed lines:

"With this issue publication of the Sangamon Boy is suspended for lack of an editor. He came to you empty-handed; he has gone with the fairest flower of Lower Corners—with the

"queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls." He hopes he has gone, too, with the kindly wishes of all this worthy people. He bears with him no enmities, no regrets save those that come from the sense of a work ill done. If he had ideals and failed to reach them it was not because he lacked the inspiration of your generous support.

"Better the Sangamon Boy should die in his youth than be cast a wail upon the world. Of him I shall hold for myself the tenderest remembrance; to you I bequeath whatever of good he may have done. I loved him the more that he was only a boy—just a strip of a lad who longed to be a man and wield a man's power. Pity that one so young should not have had a wiser hand to point his way and guide his wavering feet. When you, my friends, shall read these lines his life will have closed, and mine—will have begun in fuller measure. Do you doubt my prophecy? Read:

"KENNEDY-MANNING—Married, June 17, in Springfield, at midnight, by Rev. John Higgins, pastor of the Grand Avenue M. E. Church, at his residence, Joshua Kinney Corners. Shortly after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Kinney left on the train for Kansas City, where the late editor of the Sangamon Boy will give his entire time to newspaper work. The bride is the daughter of John Manning, one of the best-known farmers of Sangamon County."

Two hours after he had read this concise notice John Manning held in one of his hands a telegram from St. Louis signed "Mary." It simply stated that she was very happy with the "dearest man in the world."

A cynical neighbor said Manning was conciliated by the statement about "one of the most prominent farmers," but whatever the cause, Manning declared that "Kinney is a mighty long way from being the worst man in the world."—Chicago Record-Herald.

DRIED SNAKE POISON.

Serum Thus Obtained an Effective Remedy for Venomous Bites.

Dr. Calmette keeps a stock of snakes at Lille, and extracts the venom by pressing the jaw, says the London Globe. It falls into a watch glass, and when dried to preserve it resembles brayed resin. The snakes are fed by introducing raw eggs into their stomachs if, as usual, they refuse to eat. Solutions of the dry venom in salt water (one per cent. in strength) are made and used in experiments. Rabbits and other animals are inoculated with increasing doses for several months until they become immune to doses 200 times greater than a mortal dose. A horse, after six months, can stand venom enough to kill 200 horses not vaccinated. Horses furnish the antitoxic serum for inoculating against snake bite, and six to eight liters of blood can be drawn from them every two or three weeks. This yields two or three liters of active serum. The horses are then treated again. The serum is exported to all countries where poisonous snakes abound, especially India, Australia and South America. Some ten to 20 cubic centimeters of it simply injected with a large hypodermic syringe under the skin of the abdomen, where it is easily absorbed, are efficacious if the patient is not yet in a state of asphyxia.

Schools for Stuttering.

Courses of instruction for children who stutter have been started in various German schools. In Berlin six specialists, engaged by the municipal board of education, devote 12 hours a week to this work. One and a half per cent. of the children attending German schools stutter.

Drawn by Pigs.

In some of the farming districts of China pigs are harnessed to small wagons and made to draw them.

A U. S. Record.

Dr. Butler, the new president of Columbia, is said to have declined 14 college presidencies before he got the offer that he wanted.

LITTLE RED-TOPPED BOOTS.

Oh, I pity the boy of to-day:
He has pleasures that you
And I never know
As ruddy-faced, tousle-haired boys, it is true.
But there's one joy that's taken away!
Look back o'er the years—let us say—
Well, thirty long winters ago,
When father came home through the deep-drifted snow
With a wee pair of boots that had red tops!—Oh
Can a boy ever know
The glie that eclipses all joys here below
If he never, at last and in triumph, has drawn
His first little pair of red-topped boots on!
Oh gay little lad of to-day,
Your hardships are few,
You have little to do,
We are making life easier daily for you;
The hours grow longer for play,
We are clearing your troubles away;
There are fewer wood-boxes to fill
When the paths are snowed under and rights become chill,
And we give you sweet cocoa instead of a pill
That is bitter, but still,
Oh poor little man, with a Christian-like will,
I am sighing for you, since you never have drawn
Your first little pair of red-topped boots on.
—E. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

STATE OF MISSOURI,
County of Lafayette.
In the Circuit Court of Lafayette County, Missouri, at Lexington, April term, 1902.
Josephus Vance, Mary J. Reed, Mary P. Reed, Hiram C. Vance, William C. Vance and Joseph N. Vance, Plaintiffs,
vs.
Elizabeth Tally, David Vance, Zachariah Vance, Robert Vance, J. M. Vance, Willie Vance, Sarah E. Robinson, Corrie White, Millard Vance and Isaac N. Vance, Defendants.

Now at this day comes the plaintiff herein by their attorney and the defendant herein, and all parties, appearing, among other things, that the defendants David Vance, James Vance, Sarah E. Robinson, Corrie White, Millard Vance and Isaac N. Vance are not residents of the state of Missouri.

It is ordered by the clerk of said court in vacation, that said defendants be notified by publication that said plaintiff herein intend to sue them in this court, the object and general nature of which is to obtain a judgment of partition of the following described real estate situate in the county of Lafayette and state of Missouri, to-wit: The southeast quarter of section two (2), and the south half of the southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section one (1), all in township forty-nine (49), range one (1), containing one hundred acres, among the owners thereof, and that if said real estate is not susceptible of partition in kind among the owners thereof without prejudice to them, that the same be sold and the proceeds of such sale divided between said owners; and you are further notified that unless you the said David Vance, James Vance, Sarah E. Robinson, Corrie White, Millard Vance and Isaac N. Vance be and appear at this court, at the next term thereof, to be begun and holden at the court house, in the city of Lexington, in said county, on the 17th day of April next, and on or before the first day of said term, if the term shall so long continue, and if not then on or before the last day of said term, answer or plead to the petition in said cause, the same will be taken as confessed, and judgment will be rendered accordingly.

And it is further ordered, that a copy hereof be published according to law in the Lexington Intelligencer, a newspaper published in said County of Lafayette for four weeks successively, published at least once a week, the last insertion to be at least fifteen days before the first day of said April term of this court.

J. H. CAMPBELL, Circuit Clerk.
By J. W. SYMONS, Deputy.
J. E. Burden, Attorney for Plaintiffs. 2-2115

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

STATE OF MISSOURI,
County of Lafayette.
In the Circuit Court of Lafayette County, Missouri, at Lexington, in vacation, January 4, 1902.
The State of Missouri (at the relation) and to the use of J. J. Fulkerson, Collector of the Revenue of Lafayette County, in the State of Missouri, Plaintiff,
vs.
Henry W. Turner and Fleta Turner, his wife, and Edward J. Earl, Defendants.

To the said Henry W. Turner and Fleta Turner, his wife: You are hereby notified that the said plaintiff has commenced a suit against you in said court by petition, the object and general nature of which is to obtain a judgment for the taxes, interest and costs due on the following described real estate situate in the county of Lafayette and state of Missouri, to-wit: Lots one (1) and two (2), block forty-six (46) first addition to Lexington, Missouri, said real estate being delinquent for the year 1900, and that said taxes for said year exclusive of penalty, interest and costs, amount in the aggregate to the sum of twenty-one and eighty-one hundredths (\$21.81) Dollars and that the same may be declared a lien on said real estate, and that the same may be sold or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the same, be rendered herein, with interest, fees, penalties, commissions and costs.

And you are further notified that unless you appear at the next term of this court, to be begun and holden at the court house, in the city of Lexington, in said county, on the 17th day of April, 1902, next, and on or before the last day of said term, if the term shall so long continue, and if not, then before the end of the term, and answer said petition, the same will be taken as confessed.

And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published according to law in the Weekly Lexington Intelligencer, a newspaper published in said county of Lafayette, for four weeks successively, the last insertion to be at least fifteen days before the commencement of the next term of this court.

A true copy from the record—
Attest: J. H. CAMPBELL, Circuit Clerk
By J. W. SYMONS, Deputy.
Chas. Lyons, Atty. for Plff. 1-18.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

In the Circuit Court of Lafayette County, Missouri, at Lexington, April Term, 1902.
Susie Dickson, Plaintiff,
vs.
Arthur Dickson, Defendant.

Now at this day comes the plaintiff herein, by her attorney and the defendant herein, and all parties, appearing, among other things, that defendant, Arthur Dickson, is not a resident of the state of Missouri; Whereupon it is ordered by the clerk in vacation that said defendant be notified by publication that plaintiff has commenced a suit against him in this court, the object and general nature of which is to obtain a decree of divorce from the bonds of matrimony contracted between plaintiff and defendant upon the grounds that defendant has abandoned plaintiff and absented himself from her without a reasonable cause, or any cause, or the space of more than one whole year next before the filing of this petition; and upon further grounds that at the time of the marriage aforesaid defendant had a wife living, which said wife is still living, and resides at Lee's Summit, Missouri; and that unless the said non-resident defendant Arthur Dickson be and appear at this court, at the next term thereof, to be begun and holden at the court house, in the city of Lexington, in said county, on the 17th day of April, next, and on or before the first day of said term, if the term shall so long continue, and if not, then on or before the last day of said term, answer or plead to the petition in said cause, the same will be taken as confessed, and judgment will be rendered accordingly.

And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published according to law in the Weekly Lexington Intelligencer, a newspaper published in said county of Lafayette for four weeks successively, published at least once a week, the last insertion to be at least fifteen days before the first day of said next April term of this court.

A true copy. Attest: J. H. CAMPBELL, Circuit Clerk,
By J. W. SYMONS, Deputy.
Blackwell & Son, Attorneys for Plff. 2-15-5

BOND CALL.

Holders of Washington Township, Lafayette County, Missouri (\$5 five per cent bonds are hereby notified that bonds numbered 8, 10 and 11, issued July 23, 1890, by the County Court of said County for and in behalf of said Township, of the denomination of (\$1,000.00) one thousand dollars each have been declared due and payable on the fifteenth day of March, 1902, payable at the office of the County Treasurer of Lafayette County, Missouri, at Lexington, Missouri, on which day and date all interest thereon will cease.

By order of the County Court of Lafayette County, Missouri, this 3rd day of February, 1902. FRANK THORNTON,
Clerk of the County Court of Lafayette County, Missouri. 2-10-2

Notice to Bridge Contractors.

I will let to the lowest and best bidder, on THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1902.
One Wooden Bridge for construction, 40 feet in length, to be built across branch about 30 yards west of southwest corner of farm of Lee Ford, on line between sections 20 and 31, township 50, range 28, and on the Brush Creek bridge on Durr's Mill road.
Letting will take place at bridge site at 10 o'clock A. M.
Plans and specifications can be seen at time and place of letting.
Contractor to give bond for maintenance of bridge as the law directs.
Consultation reserve the right to reject any or all bids.
—R. D. WICKHAM,
Commissioner.

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LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.

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The Missouri Pacific Railway THE OLD RELIABLE.

C S Mitchell & Son FEED STORE

The best and cheapest line of feeds kept in Lexington at the Franklin St. Feed Store. We do a general exchange business with the farmers for wheat or corn. Our Flour is the best on the market. Phone 179

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Four small farms, see or address at once

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Lexington, Mo

STEPHEN N. WILSON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Lexington, Missouri,

DR. W. R. ECKLE,

Surgeon Dentist, office in Hærle Building 10th and Main streets, Lexington, Mo